Haſt. So proſper I, as *I* ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as *I* loue Haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne Dorſet, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly:
Qu. Here Haſtings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo ſweare *I* my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer *B*uckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where *I* expect moſt loue,
When *I* haue moſt neede to imploy a friend.
And moſt Aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When *I* am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloceſter.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin Happie indeed, as we haue ſpent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if *I* vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt *M*adame, I intreat peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my noble couſen Buckingham,
If euer any gruge were lod'gd betweene vs.
Of you Lord Riuers, and Lord *G*ray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lordes, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that Engliſh man a liue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded,
My ſoueraigne liege I do beſeech your Maieſtie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue *I* offred loue for this,
To be thus ſcorned in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble *D*uke is dead?
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his coarſe.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord Dorſet as the reſt?
Dor. *I* my good Lord, and no one in this preſen
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerſt.
Glo. But he (poore ſoule) by your firſt order die
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried:
God graunt that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition, *Enter D*